

# The Juvenile Instructor



VOL. 4.

SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1869.

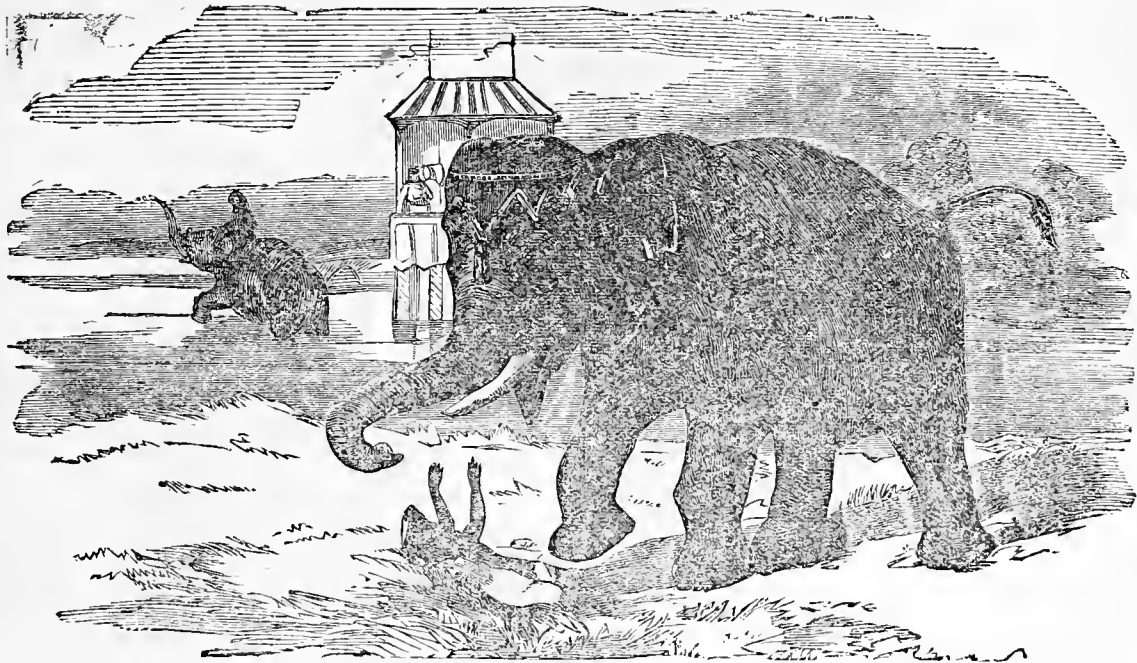
NO. 22.

## AN ELEPHANT FIGHT.

A few years ago, a kingdom called Oude could be seen on the map of Hindostan, but to day this kingdom is included in the possessions of Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India, the British having made war on the King of Oude, which war ended by their adding his kingdom to their already vast territory in the East Indies.

The picture, with which we present our little readers to-day, is intended to represent a sad incident that occurred at one of the elephant fights which in the days of the last native king often took place for his amusement.

Malleer and his foe rushed at each other with great force. The sound of their huge heads knocking together might have been heard for nearly a half a mile around. No sooner was the first blow struck than both elephants commenced to push against each other with all their might. Mouth to mouth, tusk to tusk, both trunks held high in the air, with their feet firmly planted in the ground, did they push and push, shove and shove, not with one long continued effort, but with oft-repeated short strokes of their unwieldy forms. Their heads were not withdrawn for a moment, but by first curving their backs and then straightening them out again, they throw their whole weight and force into each push. Nor were the keepers,



It appears that this monarch had one hundred and fifty elephants, among which was a formidable black fellow, called Malleer. He was a great favorite. He had been the victor in a hundred fights and had an injured tusk, which had been broken off bit by bit in several encounters; the elephants rushed against each other with such force as sometimes to snap off a portion or the whole of a tusk.

Once when the commander-in-chief of the British forces visited Oude, it was determined to find a fitting antagonist for Malleer, which being done, all things were prepared; and, at a signal given by the king, the two elephants advanced from opposite sides, each with his keeper on his neck.

seated on their necks, idle. Each shouted encouragement to his own warrior with hearty good will, and with almost frantic energy, used the iron prod, employed in driving them, freely upon the skull.

At length the redoubtable Malleer, one-tusked though he was, began to gain the advantage. The fore leg of his antagonist was raised, as if uncertainly. The keeper of Malleer saw the movement, and knew well what it indicated. He shouted more frantically than ever, striking the skull with his iron prong in an excited way.

At this time, they were but a few yards from the bank of the river Goomty. The retreating elephant gave way step by step,

slowly, drawing nearer to the river as he did so. At length, with a sudden cap backward, he tore himself from his antagonist, and threw his unwieldy form down the bank into the river. His keeper clung to the rope over his back, and was soon seen safe and sound on his neck, whilst the elephant swam off to gain the opposite bank. Malleer was furious at this escape of his antagonist. His keeper wanted him to follow; but he would not take to the water. He glared round, wild with fury, to see what he could attack. His keeper, still urging him to pursue, at length lost his balance, as Malleer turned savagely about, and fell to the earth! In this moment of terrible anger, the beast seeing his keeper stretched on the earth in front of him, and perhaps deeming him one of the causes of the escape of the other elephant, placed his huge foot on the man's chest and crushed his body into a shapeless mass, and tearing his arms from his body, he threw them with his trunk high in the air. It was a horrible sight, and must have done much to lessen the interest taken in these fights by all present who had any feelings of kindness and humanity in their hearts.

*For the Juvenile Instructor.*

## Little Willie.

### CHAPTER XX.

#### LITTLE WILLIE GROWN TO MANHOOD.

**W**ILLIE now had gained the main road which ended his difficulty. The great danger that he had just passed filled his mind with awe; for he knew that it was the power of God that had saved him from the jaws of death and prevented his falling into the frightful chasm at the brink of which his guardian angel stopped him, and after showing him his condition, led him through the extreme darkness which surrounded him to the very path for which he had so long been searching. He had searched for hours, but in vain, until some heavenly messenger had led his wandering feet aright. Our frail language is too feeble to express the grateful feelings that swelled Willie's boyish breast for this deliverance. He felt unspeakably happy, and with confidence he exclaimed: "God is my father, and He has acknowledged me as His child. He has sent His angels to guard my footsteps, and I will praise His Holy name forever." Willie then knelt in humble prayer, and his words came direct from the fountains of the heart, and he dedicated his time, his talents, his life, and all he had to the service of God.

Willie soon arrived at the cottage of his friend, where he received admittance and a hearty welcome. He then related the story of his night-wanderings to the family circle, who appeared to be much astonished at the wonderful deliverance that God had wrought out for him.

He labored diligently and successfully in that field of labor during the following year, and did not lack much for either food, money or friends; though prior to this time, through extreme shyness, from his having been cast among strangers, he had suffered much for the want of all those necessities. Now, many persons had been baptised, branches of the Church had been established, and numerous friends were raised up for him who were ever willing to administer to his wants.

He was now removed from Kuareborough and the surrounding country to a new field of labor. Here, again, he

had to break up new ground; all were strangers to him. The Latter-day Saints were unknown to the inhabitants of many of the towns and villages which it fell to his lot to visit. Some had heard that such a people existed, but all they knew about them was gained from the report of scandal.

One night, just before dark, Willie entered the town of Helmsley. Blackey Moore. No doubt his gait gave evidence to all who saw him of the weariness of his limbs; for he had had a hard day's walk, and was foot-sore and weary both in body and mind; without money, friends or home to shelter him. There was no kindred soul to give him kindly greeting. The streets were thronged with men of business and pleasure; but all were strangers to him, and passed by him, apparently without caring to know anything about his condition.

Soon he came to what he considered a suitable place for a public meeting. Here he borrowed a chair, stood upon it and began to preach; and in a very short time a large audience gathered around him. He preached on the first principles of the gospel with great plainness, for the spirit of God rested upon him abundantly, inasmuch that he no longer was weary in body or mind, but felt that God was with him, and that all was well.

When he closed his discourse, a local preacher of the Methodist Church, offered some remarks. He said he had read a pamphlet called the "Kingdom of God," written by an apostle of the "Mormon" Church, named Orson Pratt, and stated that in this pamphlet the Bible was set at naught, and a plain statement made that the historical portion of the Sacred Book could not now be relied upon as a guide for Christians. He rehearsed some of the stories circulated against the "Mormons" by Madam Scandal, and labored hard to make an impression against Willie and the Latter-day Saints.

"Do you believe, sir," said Willie, "that the historical portions of the Scriptures were intended by the Almighty to be a guide for, and to direct the course of, Christians who dwell upon the earth at the present day?"

"I do, sir," said the Methodist minister.

"Then, sir," said Willie, "if we follow out your idea of the matter, all good Christians and conscientious believers in the Bible must pass through the Red Sea, because we read that the Children of Israel did so. Because we read in the Scriptures that Jesus rode through the streets of Jerusalem seated upon an ass's colt, you consider it your duty to get a donkey and do likewise?" (Voice from the crowd:—"He has a donkey; he is ready for the trip.")

The last reference being so well adapted to his condition, caused great laughter and cheering. The gentleman, in his excitement, exclaimed to Willie: "I beg leave, sir, to say no more."

After the noise had subsided, the Rev. John Rolls, minister of the Presbyterian Church, stepped forward and told the people that he understood "Mormonism" from the thread to the needle, and that he felt it to be his solemn duty to oppose it. He inquired whether Willie would meet him in discussion.

Willie answered, "I have no objection, sir; but I have traveled far to-day, and on foot, and am very much fatigued; therefore would prefer to have some other evening appointed for the debate." (A voice from the meeting:—"Let us have the discussion to-night.") Mr. Rolls favored this motion, and Willie consented.

The night was very calm; scarcely a breath of air could be felt. It was now dark, and as it had been determined to continue the meeting, fifteen or twenty of the audience went to neighboring stores to buy candles, and returned with them lighted, holding them in their hands, and presenting a very singular appearance.

Mr. Rolls said that the "Mormons" believed that God has a

form like unto man, possessing hands and feet, that He walks, talks, eats and drinks just like mortal man. He compared this with his faith of God—an immaterial, undefined substance, filling all space and extending everywhere; without body, parts or passions. He spoke at great length against "Mormonism" and the "Mormons."

Willie answered his opponent briefly, acknowledging that he and the people whom he represented did believe in a God in whose image man had been made; in a God with feet, and the same God that visited Abraham, ate and drank with him, and had His feet washed; in a God with hands, and who placed His hand upon Moses in the cleft of a rock; in short, in the God of the Scriptures—the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; and thought that the immaterial, undefined God spoken of by his opponent must be a relative of the unknown God of the Athenians to whom the Apostle Paul made reference; and added, addressing his opponent:

"Now, sir, take away the parts, the passions—love and hatred, for these are passions,—take away the body, and if there be anything left, please find us words to describe it."

Mr. Rolls proposed to close the debate, to be resumed on another evening, which was accordingly done.

After the close, a gentleman named Mr. Potter stepped up to Willie and addressed him as follows:

"Sir, as long as I have a home, you are welcome to share it with me. Will you go with me to-night and I will do my best to make you comfortable?"

Willie said: "Thank you, sir, I will be pleased to do so."

On the evening appointed for the continuation of the debate, the Rev. Rolls was missing, and Willie preached to a large congregation and had a good time.

W. W. B.

CONCLUDED.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

## Chemistry of Common Things.

### SILICON.

THIS element is the most abundant in nature except oxygen.

The substance called "flint" is the type of silicon: sand is minute particles of flint broken off generally from rocks and rounded by rubbing together under water. The cause of the different degrees of fineness of sand arises from the small particles being carried farther than the large ones. There are other modes, however, in which sand may be formed, which may be understood if we will remember that silicon and oxygen ( $\text{Si } 20$ ), that is, one atom of silicon plus two of oxygen, form silica. Now sand is silica, so is flint; so are the precious Opal—a jewel of the greatest beauty, the Amethyst, the rock-crystal or quartz, and many other rocks. The color is dependent upon the presence of minute portions of some metallic element—iron generally.

That which nature does so perfectly, man imitates. Thus glass is made by fusing silica with alkalis. In all glasses silica is present; soda, potash, lime, are the usual bases. Various oxides, such as those of lead, tin and manganese are used to increase the beauty of glass. Flint glass, such as decanters, wine-glasses and vases are made of, is a compound of silica (fine-washed sand), potash and lead. Bottle-glass (the dark green kind) is made of common sand, coarse alkalis and oxides of iron, the iron imparting the color. By using very superior materials, artificial gems are made, quite equaling the

real ones in appearance. These diamonds, opals, rubies, etc., are imitated; the various colors being imparted by gold, silver, and other metals. In whatever form glass is made, it is by means of intense heat that silica is united to a base of some kind. The interesting process of glass-making is shown in some of the school-books; chemically, glass is a "silicate."

But there are other modes of uniting silica and alkali, to which attention has been directed before. In the earth, siliceous particles are dissolved and taken up by vegetation. Thus the stalks of grains and grasses acquire hardness and stability by the thin layer of flint on their surface. Wherever silica and the alkalis are wanting in the soil, the straw is weak. Many animals of the lower orders are also indebted to silica for the hard coat they have on their bodies. Even man has no power to preserve his teeth from decay when the silica (enamel) on their surface is destroyed.

Now we see some of the qualities of silicon, which exists in combination with oxygen as a hard, insoluble, infusible substance, in many respects resembling carbon. When silica is seen in the form of an impalpable powder, it is the same hard, harsh, intractable substance.

When it is chemically united with the alkalis, this is not the case. Even glass, if reduced to a very fine powder, becomes soluble in a large proportion of water. It is on this principle that the celebrated WATER-GLASS is made; one part of sand and two parts of soda may be melted together and dissolved in water; with this solution, a kind of paint or even cement may be made. By mixing sand and clay with this fluid a very hard kind of "artificial stone" may be made. Perhaps even adobe might be painted with a solution of water-glass and fine sand, with advantage.

The soap makers take advantage of this substance and incorporate it into the soap instead of rosin. This soap should be called "silicated soap," and it should be sold cheaper than tallow and rosin soap; no doubt it is by honest men; for, sand and soda cost much less than fat. It is also used to paint the walls of dwellings to make them water-proof; it is said that stone-walls are made to resemble flint and be as durable.

Silica is also soluble in fluorine acid, as noticed when speaking of fluorine. When organic chemistry is studied, both of these elements will again come under consideration.

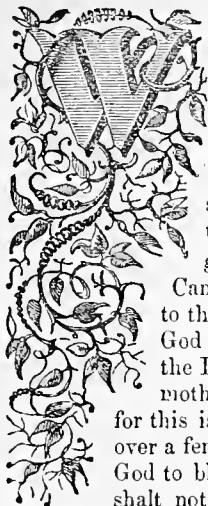
Before closing this article, however, it may be well to draw attention to the subject of "petrification of organic bodies," which is now prominently before the public in consequence of a discovery of the "Onondaga Giant." This is supposed by some to be a petrified man. Without deciding this question, the conditions necessary to produce such a body must be stated. Observation establishes these facts that animals begin to decompose the moment life is extinct. To arrest decomposition, certain "antiseptics" are necessary. In peat bogs these are found; but animals thus preserved do not become hard like stone. The soft parts (muscles, etc.), the hair, skin, bones and teeth are preserved as if placed in a pickle. The "giant" found weighs nearly (3000) three thousand pounds, and is hard as stone. This proves it has been indurated or hardened (if a human being) by the infiltration of silica, or lime, in a fluid state. Now, wherever animals have been found in this hardened state, the structure of the soft parts has been destroyed. The process by which such a change could be effected, so far as at present known, is that organic matter is removed from bodies, subject to the action of lapidifying or stone-forming agents, and other material, generally a silicate, is substituted. Thus, it is not the animal or vegetable matter, as the case may be, that is changed into stone; but as the organic structure decays and is removed, stony matter is deposited. This causes the rude resemblance of the animal or plant, such as is seen in fossils, and petrifications. In conclusion, all experience and observation prove that the soft parts of animal bodies are incapable of undergoing petrification without the destruction of the tissues, still there may be some mode of effecting their preservation which has not been hitherto noticed by scientists.

# The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON. : EDITOR.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1869.

## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



ERE any of our young readers to ask us a rule that would always preserve them from folly and sin and by which they could measure their actions at all times, and in every circumstance, we should say to them—never do any thing upon which you dare not ask God's blessing, and you will be safe. If little boys and girls apply this rule to every action of their lives, they will not go far astray.

Can the child who is doing any thing contrary to the wishes of its parents, kneel down and ask God to bless it in so doing? We think not, for the Lord has said, "honor thy father and thy mother" and "obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right." Can the boy who is climbing over a fence to rob his neighbor of his fruit, ask God to bless him? No, for He has said, "Thou shalt not steal." Can that boy whose mouth is filled with oaths, ask the Lord's blessing? We again say, No, for our Heavenly Father has declared, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." Can that same boy pray in his heart to Heaven to bless him, when he is quarreling with and reviling his brothers and sisters? No, for the Savior has declared that such are in danger of the judgment of God. Can the boy, who drinks liquor, or smokes or chews tobacco, lay his glass or his pipe down, and ask God to bless him while he drinks and smokes? We think not—for the Great Creator has revealed that strong drinks and tobacco are not good for man's stomach, but have other uses, which He has made plain. Can that youth, who is a member of the Church, who has received of the gospel, seek the approbation of God in disobeying the servants of the Lord? No, verily, No, for our Redeemer has declared, again and again, "inasmuch as you do it unto one of these, my servants, ye do it unto me," and who could dare ask the Great Jehovah to bless them while rebelling against Him and His only begotten Son? And if unto "one of these" servants of God, as unto Him himself, where is the difference?

Some may say, "O this is too trivial, and that is too small a matter to seek the Lord about! Would you have us be constantly praying to Him about every little thing we do? Before answering this, we would ask—is there any thing, no matter how small it may seem in our eyes, that we could do without the power were given us by God? Could we draw the first breath, could we say the first word, could we lift one foot before the other, could we rise in the morning or lie down at night without Him? We all answer, No. Jesus said that a sparrow could not fall to the ground without the knowledge of Our Father in Heaven, and then asks, how is it with us, His children, who are worth so many sparrows? But our idea is not that we should be constantly kneeling down to pray between each act we perform and each word we say. That is not it. Let us ask the Lord at the appointed times to bless us in all that we may do, say or think all the day long, and then let us

guide our life by this prayer, and not do any thing but what we are sure would be consistent with our requests to Heaven. And if we have our doubts about any thing being right or wrong, let us leave it alone, until we can inquire of the Priesthood or of our parents. That which we cannot ask the blessing of God upon is almost sure to be wrong, and if we have none of his servants at hand to appeal to, and dare not approach Him humbly in prayer, rest assured that that thing had best be left undone, or that word unsaid. If, on the other hand, we can go with full confidence and with all our hearts and ask the blessings of Heaven on any action, we may feel certain it is not far wrong; for no boy or girl, whose heart is right before the Almighty, dare ask His blessing while doing those things which he or she knows the Lord has forbidden, or in leaving undone those things that He has revealed unto us it is His will we should perform.

## THE PIG AND THE HEN.

The pig and the hen,  
Both got in one pen,  
And the hen said she wouldn't go out,  
"Mistress hen," says the pig,  
"Don't you be quite so big!"  
And he gave her a push with his snout.  
"You are rough, and you're fat,  
But who cares for all that;  
I will stay if I choose," says the hen.  
"No, mistress, no longer!"  
Says pig: "I'm the stronger,  
And mean to be boss of my pen!"  
Then the hen cack'd out  
Just as close to it is snout  
As she dare: "You're an ill-natured brute;  
And if I had the corn,  
Just as sure as I'm born,  
I would send you to starve or to root!"  
"But you don't own the cribs;  
So I think that my ribs  
Will be never the leaner for you:  
'This trough is my trough,  
And the sooner you're out,"  
Says the pig, "why the better you'll do!"  
"You're not a bit fair,  
And you're cross as a bear:  
What harm do I do in your pen?  
Bot a p g is a pig,  
And I don't care a fig  
For the worst you can say," says the hen.  
Says the pig, "You will care  
If I act like a bear  
And tear your two wings from your neck."  
"What a nice little pen  
You have got!" says the hen,  
Beginning to scratch and to peck.  
Now the pig stood amazed,  
And the bristles, upraised  
A moment past, fell down so sleek.  
"Neighbor Biddy," says he,  
"If you'll just allow me,  
I will show you a nice place to pick!"  
So she followed him off,  
And they ate from one trough—  
They had quarreled for nothing, they saw;  
And when they had fed,  
"Neighbor hen," the pig said,  
"Won't you stay here and roost in my straw?"  
"No, I thank you; you see  
That I sleep in a tree,"  
Says the hen; "but I must go away;  
So a grateful good-bye!"  
"Make your home in my sty,"  
Says the pig, "and come in ev'ry day."  
Now my child will not miss  
The true moral of this  
Little story of anger and strife;  
For a word spoken soft  
Will turn enemies oft  
Into friends that will stay friends for life.



For the Juvenile Instructor.

# A ROMAN MOTHER.

HOW strange it would seem to folks in Utah to see a mother carrying her babes in a basket on her head, as the one in our picture is doing. We should feel afraid that the little rogues in the basket would commence playing and tip it over, or that the mother might slip, when down would come basket, babies and all. But this is the way the women in some parts of Italy carry their children. It is quite possible that this woman works in a vineyard, and this basket at other times is filled with grapes.

Some of these peasant women get their living by sitting as models to the many artists who crowd to Rome to study painting and sculpture. Numbers of them are very beautiful, with their rich-brown complexions, bright eyes, white teeth and shining black hair; but their beauty is of a very different type to the lithe, graceful girls that Americans so much admire. The Italian's beauty is of a solid, substantial character, and when attired in their holiday costume, with a black velvet jacket, red and blue apron, or bright-red dress and blue embroidered apron, and a white napkin folded over their shining hair, they make a very pretty picture. Every thing about them is bright and pleasing; how strange such a costume would seem in these valleys!

The Roman mother of these days is a very different woman to an English or American mother. She enjoys nothing so much as the sweet delight of doing nothing,—the *dolce far niente* as they call it in that land. Her home is not that tidy, comfortable abode, so greatly prized by the mothers of Utah, and the cause of so much trouble to thoughtless youngsters when they "muss things up." No, her home is a very poor place; and she loves much better to sit in the shade of some large chestnut tree, and enjoy the bright blue sky and balmy air, than to stay in doors. As for her food, it is but little she troubles herself about putting up pots of preserves and jars of pickles; the fig-tree, the olive and the vine yield her nearly all her luxuries, and boiled chestnuts form a great portion of her food.

The modern Romans are great beggars; they do not think it is wrong or degrading to beg for a living, but carry it on as a trade. It is said that some of these beggars are quite rich, and ride to the places where they beg, like a wealthy merchant would do to his store. Each beggar pays the Government ten dollars for the right to ask alms at a certain spot, and woe betide any other beggar who trespasses within his bounds, for there is danger in wait for him. Begging appears to be a charm to an Italian, like a lottery or gambling, or like being a brigand; indeed, anything is charming there except working hard for an honest living.

Some years ago, the Roman government tried to stop this system of begging. The beggars were taken care of in a good home; but it did not suit them. They wanted to choose the kind of food they should eat, and preferred to beg for the money to buy it. It was no good; they would not bear restraint. One old woman jumped out of the window of the room provided for her, and after her death, the police no longer interfered with

this great privilege of the Roman poor, and travelers are now pestered and importuned as of old.

The priests seem to encourage the people in this lazy way of living. At noon, the gates of the Capuchin convents at Rome are opened, when bread and soup are given to the poor who crowd around. Though the soup is thin and the bread poor, the people are satisfied with it, for it takes little to satisfy them, if they can lounge in the sun, and can enjoy the precious liberty of doing nothing. In the winter, the poor will sit hour after hour in the sun, on the steps of their fine churches, begging from foreigners, and eating boiled chestnuts and sour oranges with apparently no other object in life than to pass the time away, yet they appear to be very happy, for their few wants are easily supplied, and they have but few artificial cravings to fill their lives with care and anxiety.

The ancient inhabitants of Rome were a very different people to these modern Italians. They were by no means a happy-go-lucky, easy, indolent race. Their city was, for several hundred years, the largest, most beautiful and proudest city in the world, and from it went forth the laws that governed nearly all the rest of mankind. The religion of Rome, not only held sway in Italy, but they conquered and held Spain, France, Germany, Britain, Turkey, Greece, Egypt, Asia Minor, Persia, Palestine and all the north of Africa; and the rule of Rome extended wherever they could find a people they thought worthy of conquering. At first, the Romans were a very simple, chaste and frugal people; but as they grew stronger and richer, they became proud, voluptuous and cruel. After the death of Jesus, Peter, Paul and others of the apostles and servants of God preached the gospel in their midst; but they were far too corrupt and high-minded to obey its pure and simple laws. Their rejection of it, and their killing of those who bore it to them, were quickly followed by the decay of their strength and the fall of their power. Vast hordes of half-civilized, but more virtuous, races poured down upon them from the north, and the power and glory of Rome passed away for ever. It is

true, some three hundred years after the death of our Savior, they professed to obey the gospel, but through the apostasy and vain philosophy of many who were called to act in the name of Jesus, it had then become little better than the religions of the heathens. It had lost its priesthood and its saving powers. Instead of apostles to lead the Church, they had a pope and cardinals who pretended to take the place of the apostles, and they established themselves at Rome; and ever since then, the pope has lived there, and it has been from that time the headquarters of the Roman Catholic Church.

If we are cheerful and contented, all nature smiles with us; the air seems more balmy, the sky clearer, the ground has a brighter green, the trees have a richer foliage, the flowers a more fragrant smell, the birds sing more sweetly, and the sun, moon and stars all appear more beautiful.

The flower of youth never appears more beautiful than when it bends toward the Sun of Righteousness.

WHERE no wood is, there the fire goeth out; so where there is no tale-bearer, the strife ceaseth.



## Biography.

### JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

On the day after the destruction of the *Expositor* press, Joseph issued a proclamation, as mayor of the city of Nauvoo, setting forth the course taken by the *Expositor*, and stating that it had been destroyed as a nuisance, according to the provision of the charter of the city. He called upon the municipal officers and the citizens to use all honorable and lawful means in their power to maintain the public peace and the common quiet of the city; and to be vigilant and wise in preventing the promulgation of false statements, libels, slanders or any other malicious calumny or design that might be circulated to ferment the passions of men. He also recommended them to be ready to suppress the gathering of mobs, and to repel, by gentle means and noble exertions, every foul scheme designed to disgrace and dishonor the city or State.

After the destruction of the press, runners were sent out in all directions by the apostates to endeavor to raise a mob, and those who were opposed to the Saints and on the side of the mob, began to sell their houses and property in Nauvoo, thinking that trouble would be sure to come, and that the Saints would be destroyed. Francis M. Higbee said, and all those associated with him felt the same, that if the city authorities should lay their hands upon the press of the *Expositor*, to break it, they might date their downfall from that very hour. He thought that, within ten days, there would not be a single "Mormon" in Nauvoo. Another man, who, as a merchant, had fattened on the trade of the Saints, said in relation to the destruction of the press, that before he would see such things, he would wade knee-deep in blood.

Higbee immediately went to Carthage and made a complaint before the Justice of the Peace, swearing to an affidavit that Joseph and seventeen other brethren had committed a riot, alleging that, with force and violence, they had broken into the Nauvoo *Expositor* printing office and unlawfully burned and destroyed the printing press, type and other property of the same. The name of the Justice before whom this complaint was made, was Thomas Morrison, and he sent a constable with a writ to Nauvoo to arrest Joseph. The writ stated that the officer was to bring the persons charged in it "before me [Morrison] or some other Justice of the Peace, to answer the premises, and further to be dealt with according to law."

When he had finished reading the writ, Joseph referred the officer who bore it, to that clause and said: "We are ready to go to trial before Esquire Johnson or any Justice in Nauvoo." At this, the constable was very angry, and he swore he would carry them to Carthage before Morrison, who had issued the writ. Joseph asked him if he intended to break the law, and ended up on all present to witness that he then offered himself to go immediately before the nearest Justice of the Peace. His brother Hyrum offered to do the same. Joseph felt so indignant at the officer's abuse, that he was determined to take out a *habeas corpus*, and petitioned the Municipal court of the city of Nauvoo, to grant him the benefit of that writ, and, on the

afternoon of the same day, he appeared before that court, and the case was examined. It was "decided by the court that Joseph Smith had acted under proper authority in destroying the establishment of the Nauvoo *Expositor*, on the 10th inst.; that his orders were executed in an orderly and judicious manner, without noise or tumult; that this was a malicious prosecution on the part of F. M. Higbee; and that said Higbee pay costs of suit, and that Joseph Smith be honorably discharged from the accusations of the writ, and go hence without delay."

The other brethren were arrested the next day, and they, also, petitioned for and obtained a writ of *habeas corpus*, and were tried before the Municipal court on that day; and, after witnesses had been examined as in the case of Joseph, they were all honorably discharged from the accusations and arrests, the court deciding that Higbee pay the costs of suits.

In the age in which we live, there is a wonderful amount of sanctity attached to the press, and a great deal of very silly talk about "the freedom of the press." In the absence of the knowledge of the true God, this generation has set up many idols as objects of worship. One of these is the press. They offer it the most servile homage, and a man in these United States would be no more safe in touching the press than he would have been among the Philistines in harming their idol Dagon. Presses have, in a few instances, been destroyed by mobs. The press and office belonging to the Saints in Jackson county were destroyed in this manner, and the State of Missouri said it ought to be destroyed, and applauded the deed. That was all right, because it was a "Mormon" press. But, in the case of the *Expositor*, it was an anti-"Mormon" press, and the "Mormons," it was said, had no right, though acting according to law, to touch it. Much depended, in deciding this case, upon whose ox was gored. It was not the "Mormon" ox that had been gored this time, and there was great excitement over the occurrence. The *Expositor* is the only office, of which we have any knowledge, in the United States, that was ever declared a nuisance and removed accordingly. But it is by no means the only one that should have been thus treated. If the example which Joseph and the City Council of Nauvoo gave in thus abolishing this press had been followed throughout the United States, we are firmly convinced that thousands of precious lives would have been saved to the nation, and bloody war would not have filled the land with sorrow and mourning. For to the mischievous influence of the press is due many of the evils under which the land has groaned. Its influence urged on the war of the rebellion, propagating lies and misapprehensions and engendering hatred in the breasts of the people north and south against each other. The liberty of the press has degenerated into license; and yet many people fail to perceive the distinction, and imagine that there is no limit to the liberty an editor or publisher may take in assailing, slandering or denouncing an individual or a person through the columns of a newspaper.

"It is license they mean, when liberty they cry," Joseph and the City Council knew this, and they resolved to suppress the libelous and defamatory sheet. The city charter gave the City Council the power "to decide what shall be a nuisance, and to prevent and remove the same," and they had the same right to declare the *Expositor* a nuisance, and to take steps for its removal, that they had to remove a physical nuisance, such as an offensive building that might be erected within the confines of the city; for it was, to all intents and purposes, a nuisance. The Mayor and City Council would not have been true to their constituents, their oaths of office and the responsibilities resting upon them, had they not taken some action in the case. The men engaged in the publication of the paper were base and corrupt in character, and they openly avowed their wicked and malicious designs against the Saints, stating that it was their

intention to have the charter of the city destroyed. It was plainly evident, also, that it was their purpose to stir up such a hatred against the Saints that mobs would be encouraged to come and drive, plunder and kill as they did in Missouri. The City Council decided that it was necessary for the "peace, benefit, good order and regulations" of said city, "and for the protection of property" and for the "happiness and prosperity of the citizens of Nauvoo" that this paper should be removed.

## COTTON MANUFACTURE.

From "TRIUMPHS OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY."—  
Published by T. Nelson & Sons, London.

ON the 31 of May, 1734, there was a hanging at Cork which made a good deal more noise than such a very ordinary event generally did in those days. There was nothing remarkable about the malefactor, or the crime he had committed. He was a very commonplace ruffian, and had earned his elevation to the gallows by a vulgar felony. What was remarkable about the affair was, that the woollen weavers of Cork, being then in a state of great distress from want of work, dressed up the convict in cotton garments, and that the poor wretch, having once been a weaver himself, "employed" the last occasion he was ever to have of addressing his fellow-creatures, by assuring them that all his misdeeds and misfortunes were to be traced to the "pernicious practice of wearing cottons." "Therefore, good Christians," he continued, "consider that, if you go on to suppress your own goods, by wearing such cottons as I am now clothed in, you will bring your country into misery, which will consequently swarm with such unhappy malefactors as your present Object is; and the blood of every miserable felon that will hang after this warning from the gallows will lie at your doors." All which sayings were no doubt greatly applauded by the disheartened weavers on the spot, and much taken to heart by the citizens and gentry to whom they were addressed.

This is only one out of the many illustrations which might be drawn from the chronicles of those days, of the prejudice and discouragement cotton had to contend against on its first appearance in that country. Prohibited over and over again, laid under penalties and high duties, treated with every sort of contumely and oppression, it had long to struggle desperately for the barest tolerance; yet it ended by overcoming all obstacles, and distancing its favored rival wool.

First imported into Great Britain, towards the middle of the seventeenth century, cotton was but little used for purposes of manufacture till the middle of the next century. The settlement of some Flemish emigrants in Lancashire led to that district becoming the principal seat of the cotton manufacture; and probably the ungenerous nature of the soil there induced the people to resort to spinning and weaving to make up for the unprofitableness of their agricultural labors.

A nobler monument of human skill, enterprise, and perseverance, than the invention of cotton-spinning machinery is hardly to be met with; but it must also be owned that its history, encouraging as it is in one aspect, is in another sad and humiliating to the last degree. It is difficult at first to credit the uniform ingratitude and treachery which the various inventors met with from the very men whom their contrivances enriched. "There is nothing," said James Watt, in the crisis of his fortunes, worn with care, and sick with hope deferred—"there is nothing so foolish as inventing;" and with far more reason the inventors of cotton-spinning machines could echo the mournful cry. It is sad to think that so proud a chapter of history should bear so dark a stain.

In 1733, the primitive method still prevailed of spinning between the finger and thumb, only one thread at a time; and weaving up the yarn in a loom, the shuttle of which had to be thrown from right to left and left to right by both hands alternately. In that year, however, the first step was made in advance, by the invention of the fly-shuttle, which, by means of a handle and spring, could be jerked from side to side with one hand. This contrivance was due to the ingenuity of John Kay, a loom-maker at Colechester, and proved his ruin. The weavers did their best to prevent the use of the shuttle,—the masters to get it used, and to cheat the inventor out of his reward. Poor Kay was soon brought low in the world by costly lawsuits, and being not yet tired of inventing, devised a rude power-loom. In revenge, a mob of weavers broke into his house, smashed all his machines, and would have smashed him too, had they laid hands on him. He escaped from their clutches, to find his way to Paris, and to die there in misery not long afterwards. Kay was the first of the martyrs in this branch of invention. James Hargreaves was the next.

The use of the fly-shuttle greatly expedited the progress of weaving, and the spinning of cotton soon fell behind. The weavers were often brought to a stand-still for want of weft to go on with, and had to spend their mornings going about in search of it, sometimes without getting as much as kept them busy for the rest of the day. The scarcity of yarn was a constant complaint; and many a busy brain was at work trying to devise some improvement on the common hand-wheel. Amongst others, James Hargreaves, an ingenious weaver at Standhill, near Blackburn, who had already improved the mode of cleaning and unraveling the cotton before spinning, took the subject into consideration. One day, when brooding over it in his cottage, idle for want of weft, the accidental overturning of his wife's wheel suggested to him the principle of the spinning-jenny. Lying on its side, the wheel still continued in motion—the spindle being thrown from the horizontal into an upright position; and it occurred to him that all he had got to do was to place a number of spindles side by side. This was in 1764, and in three years afterwards, Hargreaves had worked out the idea, and constructed a spinning frame, with eight spindles and a horizontal wheel, which he christened after his wife Jenny, whose wheel had first put him in the right track. Directly the spinners of the locality got knowledge of this machine that was to do eight times as much as any one of them, they broke into the inventor's cottage, destroyed the jenny, and compelled him to fly for the safety of his life to Nottingham. He took out a patent, but the manufacturers leagued themselves against him. Sole, friendless, penniless, he could make no head against their numbers and influence, relinquished his invention and died in obscurity and distress ten years after he had the misfortune to contrive the spinning-jenny.

The history of the cotton manufacture now becomes identified with the lives of Arkwright, Crompton, and Cartwright—the inventors of the water-frame, the mule, and the power-loom.

(To be Continued)

A GOOD RULE.—"My father taught me," said a man who had been successful in life, "never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money until I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in a day, I must do that the first thing, and in an hour. And after this I was allowed to play; then I could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing every thing in time, and it soon became easy for me to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity."

## ADVENTURE OF PAUL DU CHAILLU.

THERE are two great African explorers known to the world, accounts of whose explorations frequently appear in many of the public journals of the day. Their names are David Livingstone and Paul Du Chaillu. These men have penetrated into the most remote and unknown parts of Africa, and brought to light and made known to the world many of the hidden wonders of that uncivilized country.

Paul Du Chaillu was born in America, but is of French descent, and received a French education. He is said to be a man of short stature and slight form, and is admitted to be one of the most daring travelers of the day. He has been in the midst of many wild tribes of men, has stood face to face with the gorilla and has encountered snakes, leopards, elephants, hippopotami and many other wild beasts. He mentions having visited an island called Nengue Ngozo, or the "Land of Parrots," on the west coast of Africa, about fifteen miles north of the equator. From its being free from beasts of prey and wild animals of any kind, he has given it the name of "African Paradise." This island has no inhabitants, save a few negroes and numerous flocks of birds that come from the main land to pass the night on it. Among the different kinds of birds that seek an asylum on its shores are pelicans, long legged cranes and other fish-eating birds; but parrots, with gray plumage and red tails, constitute the majority of the winged creatures of this island. Hundreds of them gather upon the trees, and towards morning, when they awake from their slumbers, they set up a chattering as though, to use the words of Paul Du Chaillu, "all the bells of a great city were ringing and all the milkmen and servant girls therein were having a simultaneous confab." So soon as daylight appears, they take their flight again to the main land, and by sunrise not one of their numbers is left upon the island.

On one of his visits to this island, the King, who wears a woolen cap and carries a cane in the place of a crown and sceptre, took a great liking to Paul and set his wives to cooking dinner for him and his companions; but in a few days they had exhausted all the King's stores of provisions, and had to depend upon parrots for food during the rest of their stay. They found it no easy matter to get within gunshot of the shy creatures, during daylight; but Paul, having discovered a tree which seemed to be a favorite roosting-place, made a path to it during the day, and in the darkest hour, just before dawn, with rifle in hand he crept along this path and when within gun-shot, fired both barrels at once. When daylight came he found that twenty parrots had been slain by that one double shot. The consequence was, he had a grand feast,—parrot soup, parrots roasted and parrots broiled. The next night, the parrots kept shy of that tree, and not one ventured to roost upon it.

A short time after this, Paul took up his quarters in a village situated in a dense forest, where birds and wild boars existed and leopards were plentiful. One night he heard a strange and unusual noise and a cackling among his fowls, and thinking some one was trying to steal them, he went out and found himself face to face with an enormous leopard. For a few seconds both stood and stared at each other, at a distance of not more than six yards. Then Paul rushed into the house for his rifle, but on coming out again found that Mr. Leopard was gone. The next night he tied a goat to a tree, at the edge of the forest, and with his rifle ready loaded, seated himself against another tree, a short distance off, and waited patiently for his enemy of the previous night. Hour after hour he waited but no leopard came; when, upon looking towards the tree to which he had tied the goat, no goat was to be seen, and he concluded

he had been napping some of the time. Creeping slyly along towards the spot he found marks of blood, and upon lighting a torch he spied the tracks of the leopard, which had carried off the goat without awakening the hunter, who felt thankful that it was the goat instead of himself that had been taken.

Among many other wonderful discoveries he mentions having come upon a creek of snakes. It was towards the close of March and the sun was pouring down his hottest rays. Paul was in a canoe engaged in exploring the country by water and noticed that snakes were becoming very plentiful, he had not proceeded very far when he found that he was in a creek of snakes.

"What a horrid sight!" said he. "They were of all colors and sizes: some were small and slender, others short and thick. One peculiar kind struck me at once as one that I had never seen before. It swam not far from our canoe, and appeared to be of a bright orange yellow color. I am sure it was a very venomous one, one whose bite would kill a man in less than five minutes, for the head was very triangular. Then came a large black one, with a yellow stripe on the belly; it appeared to me to be ten feet long; the back shone as if it had been oiled. This fellow I also knew to be very poisonous; so when he raised his head above the water, I sent a load of small shot into it, literally crushing it to pieces. Then we went immediately at him, and with a few strokes of the paddles we finished him up. I was going to make off when two of the slaves who were of our party said we must put it in our canoe and they should eat the fellow in the evening. This created a great laugh from my Commi boys; and after making sure that the loathsome creature was dead, we fished him out of the water. There was at first a jumping about of the men, which I was afraid would upset the canoe, in which case we would have been in a pretty fix, swimming about in a stream filled with snakes. At last order was restored; the snake was cut into several pieces, which continued to move and almost appeared like several separate snakes. The pieces were put into a basket and the eyes of my Apingis began to shine with delight, and it made their mouths water, they said, to think of the nice meal they were going to have in the evening.

Just at this moment, I spied one of these black snakes trying to get into our canoe by the bow. I made a tremendous leap, as if I had been bitten by a scorpion, the sight was so sudden. I took my gun, loaded with small shot—the best load to kill serpents with—and fired, cutting the saucy fellow in two; then we paddled on, leaving Master Snake to take care of himself, knowing that his case had been settled.

(To be Continued.)

## JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Is published in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory

EVERY OTHER SATURDAY

GEORGE Q. CANYON, EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Single Copy, per Annum.....\$3 00

Single Copy, for Six Months ..... 1 50

It is expected where agents forward names they will be responsible for the papers thus ordered; and when Cash payments are made, they will please forward them with the letter containing the names of the subscribers.

Grain brought to this City for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will be received at the office of our paper—1 E. E. ET NEWS BUILDINGS.